

# CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VOLUME 9.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1858.

NUMBER 14.

## THE CHRONICLE.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, by

NEBLETT & GRANT,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF THE PAPER,  
\$2 Per annum, in advance.

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## MISCELLANY.

### Original Novellette.

[Written for the Clarksville Chronicle.]

## IDA HOLMES, OR THE Belle of the Fort.

BY E. W. THOMAS.

Author of the "Young Colonel," the "Refugees,"  
"Lilly Dale," the "Convent Prisoner,"  
"Jane Maston," the "Bride of  
an Hour," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER V.

The morning following his mishap, Capt. Fritz arose with a nose enormously enlarged and ludicrously out of shape, and with one eye blind to the deformity in such close proximity. One glance at his mirror showed him that his beauty was effectually marred, for the present at least, and dreading to be seen in such a miserable plight, he reported himself on the sick list, resolved to keep close quarters until he was himself again. But, in the meantime, the proper steps to vindicate his honor and satiate his thirst for vengeance must not be delayed; and as soon as the surgeon had re-dressed his wounds, he drew up a challenge in due form and sent it to Wilmer, by the first Ensign.

The cartel dispatched, he next dispatched his breakfast, which he had scarcely done when the following note was handed him, by the bearer of his challenge.

TO CAPT. E. FRITZ.

"Sir:—Your note by the hands of your friend, has been duly received. In reply, I have only to say that your conduct, last night, confirmed the opinion, long entertained, that you are a scoundrel, and I can not agree to take any step that may lead to an acknowledgment, on my part, of any equality between us.

CHARLES WILMER."

Fritz fired off a volley of oaths and epithets, by way of giving vent to his rage, and having nearly exhausted his stock of ammunition, he turned to the Ensign and asked what he thought of the note.

"It convinces me, Captain, of what I have long suspected, that Wilmer is a coward."

"And what is to be done in such case, Ensign?"

"Court-martial, him, Captain, for striking his superior officer, and for cowardice in refusing to give such satisfaction as a gentleman has a right to demand. The charges will be sustained, and the Lieutenant cashiered and turned out of the fort, in disgrace."

"I have no other remedy," said Fritz, "and the sooner it is applied, the better."

And seating himself at the table, he drew up the charges and forwarded them to the General, with the request that the trial might come on at once, and in his room.

Pending these movements, Wilmer had again requested an interview with the General, which was flatly refused, and the refusal accompanied with a hint, that the interview, when granted, would probably be in public. At a loss to account for such treatment, he called on Maj. Dade and asked an explanation of him.

"My dear fellow," said the Major, "I have, just this moment, heard of your affair with Fritz, last night, and have no doubt, a complaint against you has been laid before the General. Should such prove to be the case, you will be cited to trial this morning, and I have sad misgivings as to the result. No doubt, Fritz deserved all you gave him, but you know the strictness with which discipline is enforced here, and I would give a year's pay to undo what is done."

The Major was right. Wilmer had scarcely entered his quarters, when an officer summoned him to appear before a Court-martial which would convene at 9 o'clock, in the quarters of Capt. Fritz.

"The proceeding is somewhat summary," said Wilmer, to the officer, "but you may inform the General that I shall be ready at the appointed hour."

"I can send your message, sir, by another," said the Sergeant, "but my instructions are to stand guard at your door until you are called for."

"Then it is feared that I may attempt

to escape," Wilmer replied, with a smile of scorn. "Well be it so; but you had better look the door and seat yourself comfortably, whilst I write a letter."

By this time, the population of the fort was in a ferment of excitement, and the incidents of the previous evening were discussed in every variety of form and temper, and nowhere with more earnestness than in the apartments of the ladies. And could the last have known the reason why Wilmer struck his superior officer, the judgment passed by many of them, would have been promptly reversed. But none knew that the gallant Lieutenant was to be tried for his manly defence of the General's daughter, and that the General himself had appointed the tribunal before which he was to appear.

But the beating of the drum suspended all discussion, and was the signal for the assembling of the scattered groups around the door of the court-room—all eager to see and hear as much as possible of what passed within. The judges were soon seated, and presently, the Lieutenant appeared, escorted by the Sergeant, and the crowd parted to give them free passage. Entering the room, Wilmer stood proudly erect before the military tribunal, and his noble form seemed to acquire additional majesty, under the gaze of those upon whom his fate depended, in the approaching trial. He answered, with a pleasant smile, the anxious look of his friends, and met the gaze of his enemies with dignified indifference. Never had he appeared to greater advantage, and his bearing elicited the admiration of the more generous among those who sought to disgrace him.

"Lieutenant Charles Wilmer," said the President of the Court, "you have been cited to trial, before this Court-martial, on three distinct charges; but before proceeding further, it is proper to ask if you have any objections to the Court, as now constituted, and if you are ready for trial?"

"Sir," said Wilmer, in reply, "it matters little with me, how this Court is constituted. The summary proceedings instituted against me, leave no doubt on my mind, that conviction is a foregone conclusion. An impartial trial I can not hope for, in the midst of those who have vied with each other in a long continued effort to traduce my character. The Court is, perhaps, as impartial as any that could have been organized out of the material within the fort; and when the commanding General himself sets the example of pre-judging my case, what have I to expect from his subordinates, with one or two exceptions?"

"I demand the proof, sir," said the General, interrupting him, "of the charge that I have pre-judged your case?"

"You shall have it, sir," Wilmer replied, as he drew from his pocket and read aloud, the following note.

TO CAPT. FRITZ.

"DEAR SIR:—Your request shall be immediately complied with. The arrogance and presumption of Wilmer has been borne long enough, and his absence from the fort will be a relief to many, and to no one more than myself.

W. HOLMES."

"And now, Gen. Holmes," Wilmer continued, "permit me to ask you if this note was written for general circulation amongst the officers?"

"It was intended to be strictly private," said the General, whose face was all aglow with confusion, "and was written in haste and under excitement. I acknowledge my error, and beg that it may have no weight with any member of the Court, and I ask your pardon, Lieut. Wilmer, for any wrong it may do you."

"Whilst I freely forgive," continued the Lieutenant, "I must be permitted again to refer to this note as affording proof of my declaration, that I have nothing to hope—and let me add—nothing to ask from this Court. No one present can be more anxious for me to leave the fort than I am to leave it; and if dismissed from the service—as I expect to be—the disgrace will not be mine.—I am ready for trial."

For a minute or two, a death-like silence prevailed, in and out of doors, and a stranger to what was going on, would have inferred that Wilmer was reprimanding officers and soldiers for some grave misdemeanor. At length the President resumed business, by saying:

"Lieut. Wilmer, you are arraigned upon three charges:—First, for striking your superior officer; second, for cowardice, and, third, for treasonable conference with a stranger, beyond the walls of the fort. What have you to say in answer to the first charge?"

"That I am guilty of the fact, but justified by the provocation."

"Anything you can say in extenuation," remarked the General; "shall receive due consideration. What was the provocation by which you were justified?"

"That question I can not answer without involving another in this enquiry.—The blow was given in defence of innocence, and would be repeated under the same circumstances."

"What have you to say in answer to the charge of cowardice, as shown in your refusal to give satisfaction to your superior officer, when the same was demanded?"

"I have only to say that the charge was made by a coward, and that I refused to fight him for the same reason that I would refuse to get down on all-fours and fight a dog—the advantages, all his, the shame mine."

Capt. Fritz sprang to his feet and laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, whilst Wilmer gave him a look of such withering contempt, that he sank, under it, into his seat without having uttered a word. The President sternly reminded the Lieutenant that such language, if not punishable as a contempt, merited severe censure.

"I am here, sir," he replied, "to answer the questions propounded to me, and my own sense of honor bids me tell the truth; and in addition to my last answer, let me add, that any man, no matter what his conduct on the field of battle, or the mis-called field of honor, who will wantonly traduce a lady, is a coward. Further: it is known to you all, that during my whole term of service here, Capt. Fritz has availed himself of every opportunity to heap indignities upon me,—keeping, however, just within the limits that saved him from chastisement; and the superior who thus deports himself towards an inferior officer—knowing the hands of the latter to be tied by the rules of discipline—is a coward. You have my answer to the second charge—whether it is satisfactory, or not, is immaterial to me."

"What have you to say," continued the President; "to the charge of treasonable conference with a stranger, out-side of the fort?"

"At his own request, I met the Hermit of the Washita, whose purpose was to warn the fort of the approach of Tatankah with a small band of warriors, and with hostile designs. At this moment, perhaps, the bearer of the white flag is on his way to the fort, to propose a conference with you, sir, at a distant point, under the pretext of making a permanent peace, but, in fact, to make you his prisoner. This, sir, is the treasonable communication I received from the stranger."

"And why have you not sooner reported the important intelligence?" Asked the President.

"I called at the quarters of the General last night, to impart the information; but he refused to see me. I called again this morning, and was again denied, with the intimation that if an interview were granted, it should be in public—evidently foreshadowing this trial, for which he was then preparing. I being kept in ignorance of any such purpose—another evidence of the sort of justice I have to expect.—But this is not the only evidence. Scarcely had I reached my quarters, when the Sergeant came to tell me I must appear before this court, at this hour, and that he had been ordered to keep guard at my door until I was called for."

"I gave no such order!" Said the President, with excitement.

"That is a matter between you and the Sergeant, sir," Wilmer coolly replied.

"The order was given, not by Gen. Holmes, but by Capt. Fritz," said the Sergeant.

"And Capt. Fritz shall answer for it!" Exclaimed the President. "Have you anything more to say, Lieutenant Wilmer?"

"No sir! Unless you have more charges to prefer."

Capt. Fritz, the prosecutor, being asked if he had anything to say, replied in the negative, and the Court adjourned to the President's room to deliberate, telling Wilmer that he was at liberty until sent for to hear their decision. As they were leaving the room, Gen. Holmes said to the Lieutenant, in a low tone, that he would like to speak with him at his private room, in a few minutes. Of course the request was complied with, and soon the two were seated together in the General's room.

"I am aware, sir," said the General; "that I have not acted fairly towards you, and the only compensation I can make, is to use my influence, in your behalf, with the Court; and in order to make it available, wish you tell me the provocation that induced you to strike Capt. Fritz. The charge of insubordination is the only one that can be sustained, and the penalty may be mitigated by a knowledge of the cause."

"As I have already said, sir," Wilmer replied, "the name of another is involved in that enquiry, and that other is a lady. Then you see, sir, at a glance, the indecency of such a disclosure, and I would not consent to give her name, should an unconditional acquittal be the price. And, to be candid with you, General, I am wholly indifferent to the sentence. Conscious of no wrong, and anxious to leave a post that has been rendered anything but agreeable, by petty annoyances, nothing but an attempt to disgrace me can make me repine at the sentence of the Court."

"Then," the General resumed, "suppose that the Court would decide to dismiss the whole subject, on condition that you apologize to Capt. Fritz?"

"That supposition, sir," the young man replied, "is totally out of the question.—I have done nothing that I would not do again, under the same circumstances, and would be cashiered ten times over, sooner than humble myself before that petty tyrant, and unprincipled knave."

"Then I can do nothing for you, and our interview is at an end," said Gen. Holmes, evidently excited. Wilmer bowed and withdrew, and in passing through a narrow passage, met Ida. She seemed a good deal agitated, and hurriedly said:

"I know all about it, Mr. Wilmer, and thank you, from my heart, for your generous conduct. Happen what may, you have one friend in this fort, and should this be our last meeting, keep this in remembrance of me." She hastily slipped a ring into his hand, and vanished like a dream.

### CHAPTER VI.

On a stormy night—date immaterial—two men sat together, in a cave on the Washita. The room was lighted by a pine torch, which disclosed the rude furniture made by its occupant, who, judging from the trophies that adorned the natural walls, was an adept in hunting and trapping. And, though called a hermit, the rifle, pistols and tomahawk, which occupied conspicuous places, gave evidence that he did not rely altogether, upon his peaceful character for safety, nor upon alms, for his support. A small field, and a garden, of rich alluvial, both well cultivated—lay in front of the cave, and from them the Hermit gathered an ample store for a life so primitive; and could contentment be the lot of an isolated man, no place seemed better calculated to secure it. But we will not inflict an attempted description upon the reader—for however accurate it might be, all the features of the scene, would but take the shape his fancy might impart to them.

"And now, Mr. Wilmer," said the Hermit, "having provided for your horse, and satisfied your appetite, I hope you will gratify my curiosity to know the circumstances which have brought about this meeting, so much sooner than I expected."

"That can be told in very few words," Was the reply. "Not an hour before I saw you at the fort, Capt. Fritz forced me to strike him. The next morning I was tried for the offence, and dismissed from the service, in spite of the efforts of one or two friends to prevent it. Twelve hours after, I was on horse-back and wending my way to this place, though I lost two days by the lameness of my horse."

"If it is not an impertinent question, sir, I would like to know whether a woman was not mixed up in the affair?" said the Hermit.

"You have guessed the truth," Was the reply. "I didn't guess it, my young friend, I knew it. The time was when women seemed angels to me; but experience has taught another faith, and if you will take my advice, you will give them a wide berth."

"I am afraid, sir," said Wilmer, with a smile, "that experience will have to be my teacher, as it has been yours; for nothing short of it is likely to bring me to your opinion of woman."

"To experience, let us leave it, then, Mr. Wilmer, and pardon, if you please, an exhibition of bitterness which has its origin in grievous wrongs. Now tell me the result of Tatankah's stratagem."

"There is but little to tell," said Wilmer. "A messenger was sent in to propose the peace council; and Gen. Holmes, being apprised of the intention, too readily gave assent to all the terms of the meeting, as proposed by the chief. This, I think, aroused the suspicions of the messenger, whose savage stoicism could not altogether suppress his uneasiness. He left as soon as the conference ended; and the General gave orders for immediate preparations, which would have resulted in the total destruction of the band of warriors, but for the fact, that not an Indian could be found at the appointed spot."

"Do you think the messenger recognized you, Mr. Wilmer?"

"Of that, I am not certain," Was the reply. "But I had laid aside my uniform, and put on my scouting dress, and he looked at me several times, with an expression which I could not comprehend."

"I thought as much, sir. Thered devils are very superstitious, and they have an idea that you are endowed with supernatural powers. That Indian knew you, and depend upon it, that fact had as much to do with the result, as the indiscretion of your General. But Tatankah has not abandoned his scheme. Six of the braves he took with him, did not return, and you may rest assured they are lurking about the fort, and may yet succeed in taking prisoner the General or his daughter, or both."

"I am aware that a part of the band sep-

erated from the main body," said Wilmer, "but supposed they were detached as hunters, though it seemed strange that they should have taken so much pains to conceal the direction they took, by following the bed of a stream. If your surmise be correct, that they recognized me as a scout, may it not be that the detached party have designs upon my person? And if so, will they not follow me to this place?"

"And if they do, Mr. Wilmer, theirs will be a fool's errand. This place can be defended against a thousand of them, with their present means of assault. A door three inches thick, and faced with sheet iron, procured from a trading boat, and fastened on the inside with heavy bars let into the solid rock, is a little too much for their tomahawks."

"But not too much," Wilmer suggested, "for a fire well supplied with fuel, which is abundant hereabouts."

"You are not aware, my young friend, of all the defenses of my castle," said the Hermit, with a smile. "Over our heads, runs a small stream, which, by the removal of a rock, can be made to pour out its waters just above the door, and in sufficient quantities to extinguish any fire that can be kindled. It is the same stream that you saw in the adjoining cell, occupied by your horse. Some hundred feet further back, there is an opening that can be reached by a ladder, and on passing through it, you find yourself in a spacious second story; and going some three hundred feet further into the hill, the ceiling gradually becoming lower, you come to another opening, very perfectly closed by a heavy stone, on removing which, you find yourself out-of-doors, and on the declivity of the hill. So you see, escape were easy, even could an entrance be forced through the door."

"It is, indeed, a strong hold, and I wonder it has not been made the abode of robbers!" Wilmer remarked.

"Such it was, sir, when first I saw it; but finding it admirably adapted to my wants, I got into the room above, and there making up the best imitation of a ghost that I had materials to fashion, let it down through the opening, by means of a small cord, when the band was assembled around the fire, and the effect upon the bold villains was terrific. Horror, amazement and abject fear wrought upon them to such an extent that they ran into the woods, and not one returned until the next day; and then only to remove their plunder, and abandon the place. None have ever returned to dispute my right of possession."

"But what is it, Mr. Wilmer?" He asked, seeing that the young man was on the alert and listening intently. "Has my ghost-story frightened you?"

"There are Indians near," was Wilmer's reply; "and my horse has given me notice—There, do you not hear his peculiar whinny?"

The Hermit stepped lightly to the door, and rested his ear against the solid stone wall, and for a while, was as motionless as the rock itself. "You are right," he said to Wilmer, who had crept to his side; "they have passed right over the hill, and the sound indicates that they are moving on."

"Unbar the door," said Wilmer; "and perhaps we can get a view of them."

The Hermit complied, and, noiselessly passing into the open air, they found that the storm had passed away, and the moon, not long risen, was pouring its borrowed light upon the scene, each pendant drop of water sparkling with its silvery rays. Concealed in the shadow cast by the overhanging bluff, the two men looked in the direction of the sound, as heard in the cave, and for awhile, in vain. At length a figure, on horse back, emerged from the dense shade of the wooded hill into the moon-lit prairie that sloped down to the river; then another and another came in view, and following these, two others,—one a woman, and after these, three more making eight in all. Wilmer turned upon his companion, a pale face with anxiety, and an eye burning like fire, but spoke not.

"It is as I feared," said the Hermit, in a tone of sorrow. "Those are the six warriors left behind by Tatankah, and their two captives, the General and his daughter."

"But their captives they shall not long remain," Exclaimed the young man, "unless my right arm becomes paralyzed, or my sight suddenly blasted.—I will to the rescue at once, or die in the attempt!"

"Don't spoil all by overhaste, my young friend. The odds are great against you; and even could you overcome them, the father and daughter would be murdered as surely as their captors are hard pressed by you."

"I know that, sir; and am not such a fool as to adopt a course that must lead to such a result. But in order to effect their liberation without danger to them, I must have time to effect it by other means than an open attack, and that before they reach their destination, or are met by other warriors. To do this, the Indians must not know that I am on their

trail. Then do not attempt to detain me—a delay of one hour is all the time I can spare."

"I am sorry to part with you so soon, my friend," said the Hermit; "and have a mind to offer my services on the occasion, and try my hand as an Indian fighter—will you accept the offer?"

"For the offer, you have my grateful thanks, sir; but I can not accept it. No man has ever been led into danger by me, and I am not certain that the presence of another would not rather embarrass than aid me. But perhaps you can help to disguise me and my horse, which will be of material service, should I happen to be seen sooner than I desire to show myself."

"That I can do, Mr. Wilmer, and most effectually; it is a wise precaution, too, for should the red devils learn that the 'Evil Eye' is upon them, their first impulse would be to murder their captives, that they might the more easily provide for their own safety. But come in, and let us get to work."

"Yes, let us get to work, sir; and yet it pains me to leave you so soon; you have deeply interested me, and I had hoped to hear, to-night, the history of the wrongs that have driven you to the wilderness."

"And you shall hear it Mr. Wilmer; it can be told in very few words, and the necessity for haste will prevent me from dwelling, as I might otherwise do, upon the painful theme. I can talk and work too; so whilst I paint your horse like a pie-bald Mustang, you can learn the points of a story neither long nor romantic, in the common acceptance of the term. I commenced life with a small patrimony, and at the age of twenty-three married a lady, whose name it is needless to mention; and it is needless to say, too, that she was, in my estimation, the embodiment of female perfections. Two years subsequent, I was prevailed upon to join a friend in a trading voyage to Havana; and resting the most of my means in that venture, we sailed from New Orleans, where I left my wife and one son, in a comfortable little home to await my return."

Choking back a sigh, the Hermit resumed, after a pause.

"For two days, our little bark bounded over the blue waters, before a free wind, and my heart was as light and joyous as hope could make it, in the absence of the two beings whom I so tenderly loved. On the third day, however, the breeze became a gale, and with shortened sail, we rode the waves at a speed that was frightful to a landsman. Before night, with bare poles we were flying before a furious hurricane, and before morning, our vessel—or rather its fragments—drifted amid the breakers, and I, bruised, and almost insensible, lay stretched upon the beach, having been carried ashore, clinging to a piece of timber. Except myself, none of the crew were saved, so far as I have learned, and a thousand times have I wished that their fate had been mine."

The sun rose bright, on the succeeding morning, and its rays as they dipped into the rippling waves of the now quiet deep, seemed to laugh at the wreck of hopes and fortunes that lay buried beneath the sparkling surface. Chilled, stiffened and bruised, I arose with difficulty, and looked around, hoping to see some human habitation where assistance might be rendered me. But the scene was as desolate as my own blighted prospects, and I staggered forward, knowing not whither, and caring not how soon I might perish from the hunger and thirst that so sorely oppressed me. I had gone but a few steps, when a pack of yelling Mexicans, rushing to the beach to gather the remains of the wreck, met me on the brow of a sand-hill, and, in a twinkling, my arms were bound fast, and a guard placed over me, for save keeping—an unnecessary precaution, as I had neither the will nor the power to escape."

An hour or two having been spent in the work of plunder, my captors prepared to return to their miserable village, some three miles inland. Fortunately, for me, a barrel of water, and one of sea-biscuit, were among the articles saved, and, by signs, I made them understand that I was greatly in need of both articles, and my wants were sparingly supplied, and my strength sufficiently recruited to enable me to walk to the village. There I staid but a few days, having been sold to the owner of a silver mine, by whom I was carried to that dungeon in the mountains, where I endured, for seven long years, all the privations and cruelties inflicted by semi-barbarous masters upon their slaves. At the expiration of that period, I was working alone in my department of the mine—my comrades being all sick—when the overseer came in to gather the proceeds of my labor. He seated himself upon a large stone, and, by the light of his lantern, I saw that he was excessively pale, and scarcely had I time to remark it, when he cried out that he was ill with the epidemic which had swept off so many in and out of the mines; and he had scarcely finished the sentence when he fainted."

"I know not what suggested the thought, but it instantly occurred to me that a

chance for escape had at last presented itself; and in a moment, almost, the overseer's cloths were stripped off and donned by myself; and taking all the ore I had gathered that day, and finding some coin in the pocket of the suit just put on, I left the mine without having been at all suspected. After much toil, and several narrow escapes, I reached Vera Cruz, sailed in a vessel bound for New Orleans, where I landed in safety. Disguised as a Mexican, weather beaten and prematurely old, I determined to visit my home and, by degrees make myself known to my wife, that she might experience no sudden shock. My knees barely sustained my weight, whilst I knocked for admittance, and every pulsation of my heart was audible as I stood in breathless expectation. The door was opened, and before me stood a wrinkled crone, who demanded my business in a sharp and querulous tone. As soon as I could sufficiently command myself, I told her, that seven years since, a lady occupied that dwelling,—at the same time giving her name—and that I had expected still to find her there. The hag replied that she had bought the house of a widow of that name, who had married a rich sugar planter, and moved far into the interior.

"More dead than alive, I staggered away from that hateful door, and, for hours, was as one deranged. But I at length caught at the hope that the old woman might be mistaken, and ventured, in my impenetrable disguise, to make enquiries of persons I once knew, and the same fatal answer followed every such enquiry. Two days afterwards, I bade adieu to the city, and here I am, a resident of the wilderness for fourteen years."

The old man drew a long breath and wiped the perspiration from his brow. Wilmer deeply sympathized with him, and wishing to know yet more of one for whom he cherished so high a regard, ventured to remark:

"That lady, sir, was still your lawful wife—why did you not seek and claim her, as such?"

"I did think of it, Mr. Wilmer; but remembered that she might be happy—that she might be the mother of other children than mine, and I loved her too well to crush her future happiness by loving her. I know that she was, innocently, guilty of bigamy, and that her children, if any, were illegitimate. To shield her from so great a grief, I resolved still to be dead to her, and to bury my name in oblivion. You now know all, sir, except some unimportant details, which I may give hereafter; but now it is time you were off—everything is ready, so good-bye!"

Wilmer led his horse forth; and being well armed, as well as provisioned for a short campaign, leaped lightly upon the back of his noble steed, and rode forward, his heart softened by the sad story of the Hermit, but strengthened in its resolve to save from a worse captivity, Ida and her father.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The New York Herald's Nicaragua correspondent gives this graphic account of the style in which Mr. Wm. Carey Jones is discharging his special mission to Central America:

He disputes the chronicled opinion that Vattel is any authority at all. Since Monroe, said Mr. Jones, the statesmen in Washington had all been afloat on the true principle of the right of national interference. He was for no talk and water policy in Central America. If the filibusters could not hold Nicaragua, he would see that Brother Jonathan did. He would immediately establish a new theory of national law. No further cardinal mistakes should be made. Might should be right. He had sent out to Nicaragua to negotiate with its government—had been looking for it for a period of three months, and he would be d—d if he yet had been able to find one. "D—n," said Mr. Jones, "all international proceeding—all diplomatic mission. Boys, let us have a drink. That's the policy of harmony," says Mr. Jones. "Nicaragua for ever!" Mr. Carey Jones's proposition was unanimously adopted, and, with a shout, disappeared in a small grogery, and there they stuck till they all round got fairly blind.

ANDREW JOHNSON.—The Washington correspondent of the Lynchburg Virginian, writes about Andy Johnson, as though he had known him from infancy. Hear him:

"That notorious demagogue and 'dirt eater'—Andrew Johnson of Tennessee—has signified his advent into the Senate by an act altogether appropriate and consistent. He has introduced his famous 'Homestead Bill'—which he repeatedly endeavored to pass through the other House when he was there, but which is so entirely a bill of abominations, that no body, except a person essentially corrupt, could, at this day, sustain it. Let it be known that it is not Johnson's expectation or intention that the bill should become a law—not at all. But his game is solely to make political capital for himself. He 'thinks to win' by pandering to the agrarian and destructive passions of the rabble. Unless Johnson should yet be overtaken and baffled in all his schemes, before the close of his career, I shall begin to disbelieve the idea of there being a retributive justice."